

"STELLA ORIENS"

SACRED HEART COLLEGE

REGINA

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SASK.



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"STELLA ORIENS"

SACRED HEART COLLEGE

REGINA

SASK.





THE PRINCE OF PEACE

D E D I C A T I O N

TO

JESUS CHRIST

KING OF AGES

IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE

THE ONLY GOD

WHO MAKETH PEACE

THROUGH THE BLOOD OF HIS CROSS

TO WHOM

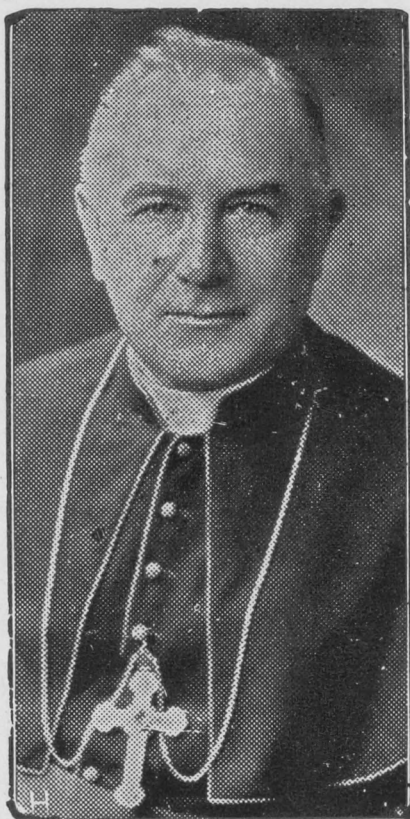
BE HONOUR AND GLORY

FOR -EVER AND EVER

WE DEDICATE

THIS YEAR BOOK.

1942



HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MOST REV. P. J. MONAHAN, D.D.
Archbishop of Regina.

With pleasure I see the second issue of the "Stella Oriens" being presented to the former pupils of Sacred Heart College as a reminder of the constant love of their Alma Mater.

The big world which has taken such pride in banishing God from its schools is now face to face with the dire results of its perverse acts. A very pronounced movement is on foot in all the Provinces of Canada to restore religion to its proper place in the education of youth. We rejoice at the change and we call upon our people to see once more the wisdom of Mother Church in resisting all opposition and in overcoming all trials with the aim of keeping religion as an essential part of the Christian form of education.

Hoping that Sacred Heart College may ever be proud of her Graduates and that they will ever strive to be leaders in all that is virtuous and patriotic, I remain,

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
† P. J. MONAHAN,
Archbishop of Regina.

P A T R O N S

Stella Oriens wishes to acknowledge
its indebtedness to the following
patrons:

Miss Patricia Andrews, Winnipeg
Mrs. C. Bell, Regina
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Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Smith, Regina
Miss Florence Runge, Vancouver.

E D I T O R I A L

The American essayist, Emerson, has said "that the chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do the best we can." He may be right, because one of the things most evident in human nature is its constant tendency to slip back. A school is normally called Alma Mater, that is, the best of friends, because the purpose of a school is to urge us on to better things to make us do the best we can.

How truly this can be said of Sacred Heart College ! All who have spent two or three years here will agree that it has prepared them to enter life with confidence in their own abilities, a knowledge of the basic elements of unchanging human nature, a high moral standard, a well developed character and the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

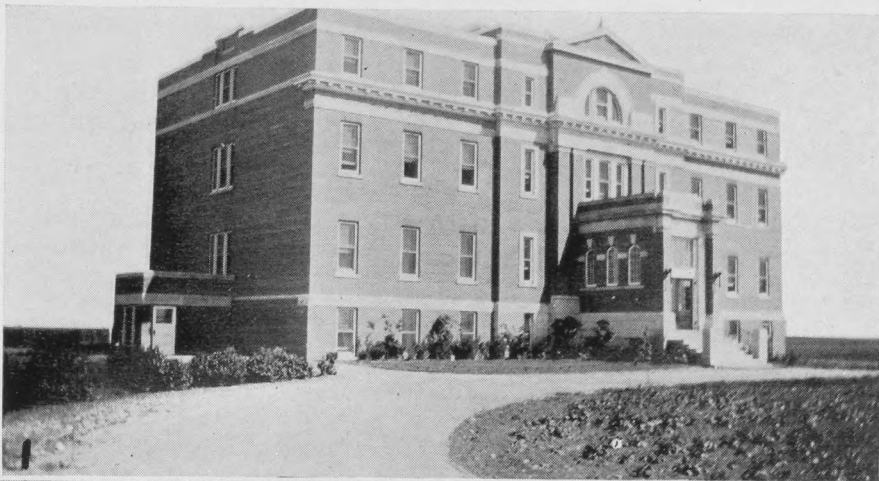
Under the careful guidance of excellent teachers who possess the intellectual and moral qualifications necessary, and who manifest a sincere love for those who are confided to them, we have received the true Christian education which His Holiness, the late Pope Pius XI, set forth in his encyclical on "The Christian Education of Youth."

After but a few of our informal and cheery classes, wherein we touch on other fields than those prescribed, we gain a new interest in, and love for, learning and this taste for knowledge is never allowed to go unsatisfied. Especially are we shown the Catholic viewpoint on all matters, the rightness of the Church's mind, thus enabling us to uphold and defend our Christian Faith. The story of the ages has been unfolded to us, in which we see the Church as the greatest civilizing and uplifting force in history. We are thus encouraged to strive after the better things, to endeavour that the age-old tradition of learning and culture proper to Catholic Christianity shall not be broken, but rather deepened and strengthened in our age and time we have been made to do the best we can.

In the spiritual life also, we are encouraged not to be content with mediocrity, but to aspire to higher levels. In our College every opportunity is given us of becoming exemplary Catholics daily Mass, an Annual Retreat, Catholic companions, an abundance of Catholic literature, a clear knowledge of Catholic doctrine, and the very best of example. Life in our "family circle", composed of persons of varying character and inclinations, affords us the occasion of becoming proficient in that basic Christian virtue, Charity. All these have impressed upon us the greatness of our responsibility, and instilled into our hearts a desire to do our utmost to make them effective in the world.

(Continued on Page 9.)

SACRED HEART COLLEGE



1. "HOME" — 2. Second Arts Classroom—where the "closed door policy" really works.
3. The Chapel. — 4. Our Club House. — 5. "The back view".

Rev. Mother Marie

Du Coeur De Jesus

As the Sacred Heart College is conducted by the Sisters of Our Lady of the Missions, a sketch of the life and work of the Foundress will prove interesting to our readers.

Euphrasie Barbier, the oldest of five children was born on January 4, 1829, at Caen in Normandy. It was in the atmosphere of faith and piety of a truly Christian family that the future missionary grew up. In mental capacity as well as in the qualities of heart she was well gifted. Her mother taught her the truths of faith, implanted in her young soul an ardent love for God, a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, to the Angels and Saints.

Like every good Christian mother, Mme. Barbier did not hesitate to correct and punish little Euphrasie for her faults. She seized every opportunity of exciting in her a love of virtue and a horror of vice.

At the age of six years Euphrasie became a pupil of the Sisters of Providence in her native town. So well did she learn her Catechism and grasp the truths of religion that when about ten years of age, an unusual age at that time, she was admitted to her First Communion. On that occasion, we are told, she first felt that God called her to the religious life.

It is also said that in her ardent zeal for God's greater glory and the salvation of souls, the child would insist on praying for the conversion of the devil and of the lost souls.

As she grew older, Euphrasie felt a great attraction for the foreign Missions and she longed to devote herself to the conversion of pagan children in far away lands. This fact is all the more strange as at that period religious women did not go far from their own countries to work for souls.

By fervent prayer and self-denial, the future missionary sought to know the Will of God in her regard. The more she prayed, the stronger became her conviction that she was called to devote herself to the foreign missions.

God's Will was made manifest in the year 1861. On August 15, of that year, under the direction of Reverend Father Favre, Superior General of the Marist Fathers, Euphrasie Barbier, now Mother Marie du Coeur de Jesus founded a Congregation under the title of Daughters of Notre Dame des Missions. This title testified to the desire of the Foundress for the extension of God's Kingdom, not only in the hearts of the Sisters but also in those of heretics and infidels.

Other generous souls soon came to enroll themselves under the banner of Our Lady of the Missions. The result was that in October 1864, the first band of sisters sailed for Napier, New Zealand where the first Missionary House of the Institute was opened. In 1883 the first House in the vast Indian missionfield was established by the Foundress herself at Chittagong, East Bengal. Two Houses in England and several others in New Zealand were opened during the lifetime of the Foundress.

Despite a very frail and delicate constitution Mother Marie du Coeur de Jesus twice visited her convents in far New Zealand and everywhere won the hearts of those with whom she came in contact by her spirit of zeal, her simplicity and charity.

Towards the end of October, 1892, Very Reverend Mother went to visit the houses in England. While in Sturry, near Canterbury, she was attacked by her last illness. During these days of suffering she prayed unceasingly. When told that God was about to call her to Himself, she joyfully exclaimed, "Deo Gratias" and shortly afterwards went to receive the reward of her saintly life. It was on January 18, 1893 that, as became a missionary religious, far from her own country, Reverend Mother Marie du Coeur de Jesus gave up her soul to God for Whose glory she had sacrificed herself. The mortal remains of this valiant woman are buried in the Chapel of the Convent of St. Anne, Sturry, Kent.

M. A.



EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 6.)

The well-ordered discipline and training proper to Catholic schools helps to develop in us a high moral sense, and the habit of doing things because they ought to be done. This is nothing else than striving to keep inclination and passion subject to reason, which is the ideal of natural human perfection the best we can do.

In this literary venture we are also urged to do the best we can. The effort has been almost exclusively our own, and we present our Year Book to our readers in the hope that they too will agree that our College has fulfilled for us the chief want in life. We wish to express our hearty thanks to our Patrons and Advertisers for their help. We also wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Z. M. Hamilton of the Saskatchewan Historical Society, the Leader Post, and the Bureau of Publications of the Provincial Government for their valuable assistance.

—P. O'F.

"Peace, The Fruit of Justice"

With the children of the Church throughout the world, we would pay tribute to Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, in this year of his episcopal jubilee, by presenting to our readers a short sketch of the first three years of his pontificate.

In the late afternoon of March 2, 1939, a tense crowd stood, silent and expectant, in huge St. Peter's square, while the brilliant glow of an Italian sunset lit the sky. Suddenly a murmur went through the crowd. Smoke was coming from the fateful chimney, smoke to announce to the waiting thousands the results of the Cardinals' ballots. But was that smoke white—proclaiming that a new Pontiff had been elected, or black—a sign that the ballot had failed? Against the brilliant sky it was impossible to tell. So, while the disappointed crowd argued over the color of the smoke a broadcast was sent from the Vatican—Eugenio Pacelli was Pope. Thus strangely enough, Catholics the world over, miles from the scene of the great drama knew the climax before those who had spent weary hours at the very door of the theatre. But when the glad tidings were finally announced to the crowds in the Square, scarcely had they heard, "Eugenium", when they broke out into the "Te Deum." To the Romans there was but one Eugenio, their beloved Cardinal Pacelli. As the throng was leaving St. Peter's, newsboys were already on the scene with "extras", bearing the picture of the newly elected Pontiff. Amazed at this evidence of journalistic speed, the crowds mechanically reached for the news-sheets. Yes, there was the face of Pius XII, but the close observer noticed that the hands were those of Pius XI.

Ten days later, in the afternoon of March 12, 1939, Eugenio Pacelli appeared on a balcony of St. Peter's in Rome in view of cheering thousands who jammed the vast square before the ancient church. After four hours of solemn ceremonial within the red and gold bedecked basilica, he had come outdoors to receive the triple tiara as Father of Princes and Kings, Rector of the world and Vicar of Our Lord Jesus Christ, which symbolized his accession as Pope Pius XII.

A shadow was lifted from crowds thronging below for they spoke of three happy omens. The new Pontiff's family name, Pacelli, was derived from the Italian "pace" meaning peace. He had chosen as his papal title the name of his predecessor—Pius XI—Pope of peace. A dove bringing an olive branch figured prominently on his personal coat of arms.



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII

However, in spite of the happy auguries pointing to an early peace, war has tightened its death grip on the world and war has added immeasurable burdens both practical and spiritual to the already heavy task set before Pius XII.

In his short reign of three years, Pope Pius XII has raised several servants of God to the honours of the altar St. Gemma Galgani, St. Euphrasie Pelletier, St. Maria Cabrini, Bl. Phillipine Duchesne, Bl. Joachima be Vedruna, Bl. Maria Crucifixia di Rosa, Bl. Ignatius ar Laconi, to mention only a few. Our Holy Father has recently erected a new archdiocese in the United States.

The election of Cardinal Pacelli meant continuance of Pius XI's policy which as Papal Secretary of State he had helped to effect; a policy of opposition to race prejudice, religious persecution, and what is most important — to wars of aggression. His first message was a plea for peace; he made untiring efforts to convene a five-power conference for peaceful settlement of Europe's problems. His views on the Social Structure were clearly set forth in his broadcast from Rome, June 1, 1941, wherein he declared that individual right cannot in any way be suppressed. As the war has gone on, pained but not daunted when his proposals are politely eluded, Pius has repeatedly renewed his peace efforts. Diplomatic advances, offers of mediation and appeals to dictators have been reinforced with orders for public Masses and Crusades of Prayer, for special appeals to the Blessed Virgin by little children bearing flowers. The Pope himself has been besieged by appeals, public and private, from statesmen, churchmen and laymen to take more active steps against war; he has been simultaneously applauded for vigor and denounced for weakness.

From the first momentous days of his reign, nay, even from his first words as Pope all his efforts have been for Peace. His motto like a gleaming star has guided his actions and his diplomacy. "Peace, the fruit of Justice". His Easter Homily pursued this theme of peace, when to an anxious world he pleaded for peace based on justice and charity. Peace could not exist, he said, if solemnly sanctioned pacts and the plighted word had lost that value indispensable to reciprocal confidence.

A remarkable diplomatic development in Pius XII's reign was President Roosevelt's appointment of Mr. Myron Taylor as his private ambassador to the Holy See, for in making the appointment President Roosevelt had broken a 70-year-old tradition — the last official representative of the United States had left Rome in 1870. The Pope described the President's action as undoubtedly helping in the common aim, to secure peace and lighten the suffering of war. The personal letter of introduction from the President carried the felicitations of Roosevelt to Pius: "I am asking Mr.

Taylor", the letter stated, "to convey my cordial greetings to you my old and good friend and my sincere hope that the common ideals of religion and humanity itself can have united expression for the re-establishment of a more permanent peace on the foundations of freedom and assurances of life and integrity of all nations under God."

Both sides however, found some comfort in the Pope's outline for a post war settlement in June, 1941. In it he defended private property, asked for more equitable distribution of the world's goods, for respect for the rights of workers, for respect for the integrity of the family and for less restriction on immigration by large nations and since then the Vatican has persisted in its attitude of strict neutrality.

When Myron Taylor had audiences with the Pope again in the fall of 1941, reportedly to get him to declare the war with Germany as a just one, nothing came of it. Thus the smallest kingdom in the world under his rule, is today a sanctuary-prison for diplomats of countries at war with Italy. Pius XII himself is neither Pro-ally nor Pro-axis. He is the Vicar of his Church whose welfare he must place before all temporal matters. Yet, declares the *Osservatore Romano*, neither is he a neutral. He should be considered a combatant fighting for a just peace based on the five points he has twice repeated:

1. To assure the right to life and independence to all nations, great and small, powerful and weak, is a fundamental postulate for a just and honourable peace.
2. To establish this, the nations must be freed from the heavy burden of the armaments' race.
3. Juridical institutions must guarantee the loyal and lawful application of an agreement. Arbitrary and unilateral interpretations of a treaty must be avoided.
4. The just demands of the nations and peoples and also of the ethnic minorities must be considered if necessary, by means of a just, wise, and acceptable revision of treaties.
5. The Pope emphasized that those who govern the peoples must be imbued with a sense of responsibility.

The exact attitude of the Pope towards the ever-interesting Spanish question can perhaps be best set forth briefly by his famous telegram to General Franco of Burgos:

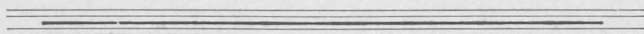
"Lifting up Our heart to the Lord we give sincere thanks with Your Excellency for Spain's desired Catholic victory. We express Our vows that your most beloved country, peace attained, may undertake with new vigour the ancient Christian traditions which made her great. With affectionate sentiments We send Your Excellency and the whole noble Spanish people our Apostolic blessing."

It is significant to note that on that very day the United States Government decided to recognize General Franco as a de jure ruler of Spain and lifted the embargo on the shipment of arms to Spain which had been in force for more than two years.

The desire of allied and axis power to secure Papal friendship for their cause, or at least to determine the Papal attitude towards questions of the moment resulted in the arrival in Rome, of Sumner Wells and Von Ribbentrop. Mr. Wells learnt that the Pope still insisted on the famous five points which he outlined in his Christmas Eve address. In London there was much appreciation of the Pope's resolute answers to Von Ribbentrop's specious talk of peace. It was said the talks appeared to have been fruitless and that the Pope had "delicately snubbed" the German Foreign Minister.

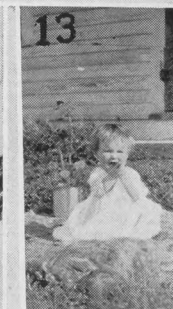
In concise, unequivocal language Pius XII makes it clear where lies the original cause of the chaos we have inherited from the time of the French Revolution to our own distraught times. "It is the rejection of a universal norm of morality, as well for individual and social as for international relations. The Pontiff prays for a return of a salutary "thirst for truth, justice, and the peace of Christ..." that "to those who are indifferent as yet or hostile to Christ may come a ray of the light which once transformed Saul into Paul....." Here we have the patience and faith of the saints. Little wonder that wise men everywhere are unreservedly conceding that, above the din of conflicting passions, there is one sane voice in Europe today — the voice of the reigning Pontiff of Rome, the 12th to bear the glorious name of Pius.

—P. B.



Titles of photos on opposite page.

1. *Mrs. Smith's pride and joy. Our horticulturist.* — 2. *Mr. Henderson and "Toots" (our mascot).* — 3. *Kept in.* — 4. *How we treat nice street car conductors.* —
5. *A glamour girl in the making. (Margaret). Add seasoning and mix well. See picture (8) for result.* — 6. *Vanity, the name is Peggy.* — 7. *"Through for the day".*
9. *World's youngest co-ed, Jane Champ.* — 10. *June and Vivian. Going some place girls?*
11. *Peggy, the toboggan slide is conspicuous by its absence.* — 12. *Applying the law of conservation of energy.*
13. *"The age of innocence". (Margaret).* — 14. *"We cover the earth".*



THE STUDENTS

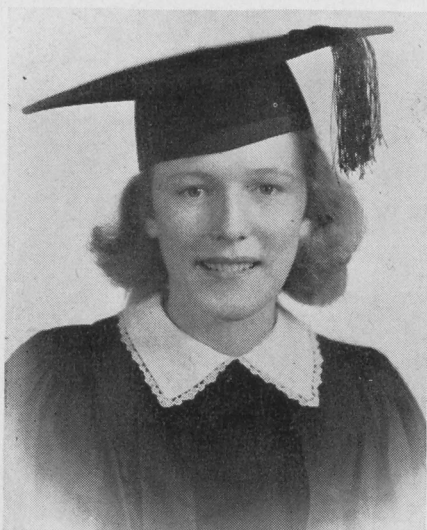


PEGGY O'FLANAGAN

Melfort, Sask.

*"It is worth a thousand pounds
a year to have the habit of looking
on the bright side of things."*

—DR. JOHNSON.



PHYLLIS BELL

Regina, Sask.

*"Ah why
Should life all labour be?"*

—TENNYSON.

FRANCES SMITH

Regina, Sask.

*"I see thy beauty gradually unfold
Daily and hourly, more and more."*

—TENNYSON.



MARGARET BROWN

Estlin, Sask.

*"Our greatest, yet with least
pretence."*

—TENNYSON.



MARION BELL

Regina, Sask.

*"Her least remark was worth
The experience of the wise."*

—TENNYSON.



Pen Sketches....

PEGGY O'FLANAGAN—

Melfort's gift to Sacred Heart is a blonde, blue-eyed miss, the "big sister" of the College who has done her utmost to make life easier for us by showing us all the tricks of the trade, such as "How to Play Bridge in Two Easy Lessons" or "How to Fall Asleep Two Minutes Before Your Class Begins". Peg is an expert at table-tennis and skating, as well as at her studies, and has the gift of making friends. This charming, care-free Irish colleen has withal a depth of purpose that keeps her at her game of "solitary" until she wins.

PHYLLIS BELL—

When Phyl finally arrives, she is "Professor Quiz" in class and "Baby Snooks" during hours off. Though subject to much banter, she remains persistently good-humoured. Phyllis manages tolerably well to hide the stores of "grey matter" that her blonde head contains, except for an occasional revelation on an exam. For a wee 'un her aims are high, high enough in fact that she can fancy herself as a stewardess for the T.C.A. With a wonderful facility for making alibis and spilling everything, her future is hard to predict.

FRANCES SMITH—

Fran is the chief musician of our little group who used her music chiefly as an excuse to get out of homework. She is also proficient in skating, bridge table-tennis, knitting and writing poetry (?) Her numerous friends, stationed at strategic points, help to keep us posted on current events. Frances is the "blue fairy" to the Academy-College Postal system and there's nary a day but an odd-shaped parcel totters precariously atop the load of books. Her ambition is to be, or at least to look like, an intellectual.

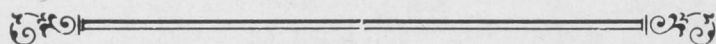
MARGARET BROWN—

So far, we have not been able to discover, either where Marg's home is, or how many relatives she has, or where she finds the questions which she springs on the harassed professor. She came to us with a Scholarship and has ably sustained her reputation, though her first attention was always given to her diary. She is sometimes hard put to it to keep up with her mending. Margaret should make a success of life for she can "sell" anything from ideas to ads, including tickets.

MARION BELL—

Our capable, efficient steno from the business world, who detoured into the intellectual to see how the other half lives and decided to stay, to look after Phyllis. Her company and her conversation, sparkling with wit, are a delight to all of us. Marion's two chief concerns, besides Economics, are finding her lost possessions and saying all the prayers she has promised if she finds them. She has definite ambitions which she has not divulged and the determined spirit to realize them. Her sense of humour will help her to carry her (no light load) over the rocks of life

—A. B.



OUR NORMALITES

MARGIE KINES—

Diminutive, vivacious, talkative, full of energy, which she would rather save for dancing, sometimes puzzled about how she will manage three escorts at one function.

HELEN KAUFMAN—

Too plump for her own liking; red-headed, against her wishes; convinced that she is foredoomed to complete failure; always frantic about how she will ever get it done; devoted to dieting though she never gets results; but withal imperturbably good-natured, and everybody's best friend.

JUNE WHALL—

Sylph-like and slim, with a figure that all her friends envy, brown-eyed and wavy-haired, very fond of sound effects, whether produced from the piano, her own vocal chords, or mere doors.

VIVIAN LORETH—

The personification of solid common sense, with a basic fund of real Christian piety, who occasionally reveals stores of wit and humour, a class "A" teacher, her professors say what will she be, a career woman, a family woman, or a nun?

LOCKSLEY HALL

100 YEARS AFTER

With apologies to Tennyson

*"When I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be."*

*When I came across our Frances, with her intellectual look,
Then I saw that she was reading from an upside-down held book.*

*When I asked her how she fared in this world so bright and gay
She replied, "Oh not so badly, I have sausages every day."*

*"And I'm keeping up my Latin, for I feel that it's of use,
When I want to use a language that can stand some real abuse."*

*When I met our little Phyllis, she was filled with blank despair,
Waving wildly at the street-car which had gone and left her there.*

*She said, "I have found a job that suits me, my pre-ordained vocation,
Which imparts unto humanity the fruits of education.*

*I lick stamps for my employer, I train his circus fleas,
Aside from making alibis that are always sure to please."*

*And my Sister, Marion "Webster" Bell who uses words so long and wise,
Has chosen for her role in life, love-lorn lassies to advise.*

*To balance the national budget she now applies the knowledge,
Gained by relentless labour in her last two weeks of college.*

*The King and Queen invited her to lunch with them last week,
Her advice on deep state questions their Majesties wished to seek."*

*"Did Marion at this conference her depth of wisdom show?"
"Alas her treacherous memory! The Sage forgot to go!"*

*Margaret is a chartered member of a New York wood-wind band
Through constant practice she has caused her whistle to expand.*

*From her home out to the mailbox a path is worn down
They've arranged for more deliveries in her section of the town.*

*They've stationed her at Wrigley Field to sell the patrons gum
And her relations to support her, eighty-thousand strong they come!*

*Last I met our charming Peggy with her glamour undiminished
And I heard it whispered softly that "that blonde is still not finished."*

*She has skimped and saved and dieted, 'till she has no figure left
Raw potatoes soaked in vinegar are guilty of the theft.*

*There is a little drama school in which she teaches grammar,
"This here", "that there", and "hev" and "hed" are what her pupils clamor.*

*"Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild,
But I glimpsed the woman's wisdom 'neoth the laughter of the child."*

(Associated Brains)



OUR WAR EFFORT



Helen Brennan

Helen is serving with the
W.A.A.F. in Toronto.



Mae MacDonald

Mae is nursing in a military
hospital somewhere in
South Africa.

Peter Frankish

LE SAINT LAURENT

De tous les spectacles grandioses que le Créateur présente à l'oeil humaine, nul, à mon avis, dépasse en splendeur, en richesse de coloris, en magnificence de toutes sortes, ce chef—d'oeuvre divin, cet apothéose de la création, le beau fleuve St. Laurent.

Les fréquents voyages durant ma longue vie de missionnaire me fournissent l'occasion de jouir et d'admirer les merveilleuses beautés de la nature, tant en Europe, qu'en Asie et en Amérique, mais chaque fois que la Divine Providence me ramène dans le cher Canada, ma patrie d'adoption, mon coeur déborde de joie et d'admiration lorsque le Paquebot s'engage entre les rives du majestueux St. Laurent.

D'aussi loin que possible, l'oeil du voyageur, fatigué du monotone spectacle des vagues de l'Océan, cherche avidement à découvrir les rives hospitalières canadiennes. Petit à petit le rêve se réalise car le grand bateau si fortement secoué sur les vagues houleuses du golfe s'en va allègrement tomber dans les bras maternels du fleuve qui le bercera sur ses eaux calmes et limpides.

L'immensité des mers and les beautés de la nature élèvent les âmes vers l'Infini; en les contemplant elles sont mues par un souffle divin qui les enivre de douceurs. On comprend le ravissement qui remplissait les coeurs d'une Ste. Monique et d'un St. Augustin, alors qu'étant ensemble à Ostie ils contemplaient le ciel et la mer dans une muette mais profonde méditation!

Que dire du coucher du soleil sur le St. Laurent? C'est un spectacle ravissant, impossible à décrire; debout sur le pont le voyageur regarde et admire, il voit le jour disparaître tout en éclairant le magnifique panorama qu'il a sous ses yeux, le ciel semble se couvrir d'un manteau de diverses couleurs toutes plus ravissantes les unes que les autres, puis une brise légère vient animer ces corps flottants et confondre ces masses de blanc, d'azur, de vert et rose, tout semble s'unir et les nuances et les murmures des eaux! Comme le Clovis de jadis, on se demande, "N'est-ce pas là l'antichambre du ciel?" Les merveilles du soleil couchant, comme les merveilles du soleil levant, charment les yeux du voyageur attentif à goûter les beautés de la nature qui dans son muet langage proclame bien haut la puissance et la bonté du Dieu Créateur du ciel et de la terre.

Voyez à l'Orient cette grande ligne de feu qui remplit tout l'espace; les premiers rayons sur les ondes majestueuses du St. Laurent, veulent aussi rendre hommage à leur Créateur; les mouettes en chœur se réunis-

sent comme pour chanter leur prière du matin et saluer à leur manière Celui de qui tous les êtres ont reçu la vie.

Voilà que les rives sont de plus en plus rapprochées, on dirait qu'elles invitent les voyageurs à mettre pied à terre, les jolis petits villages canadiens s'annoncent par la flambée brillante de leurs clochers qui s'élèvent vers le ciel, des collines garnies de maisons coquettes qui ressemblent aux plus gracieux nids d'oiseaux cachés dans le feuillage, envoient leur doux profil se refléter dans les eaux du fleuve St. Laurent, l'âme enivrée d'amour et de reconnaissance envers le Créateur de ces beautés de la nature, fait jaillir du coeur ému un sincère "Magnificat!" M. I.

- - *Alumnae Notes* - -

If it be true, that a school is to be judged by its Alumni, ours would receive a very high rating indeed, for a better Alumnae than you could hardly be found. We take this opportunity of thanking you for the whole-hearted support you have given us in the publication of this Annual. All help is valuable, but yours is doubly so because it is an indication that you are still members of the "soul" of the school. News of you and your doings we always receive gladly. The following notes mention only those of you whose state or status has changed since our last writing, but the greeting is to each one of you.

Born to: Frances Isley Franklin, a daughter, Mary Patricia; to Mary Isley Slominski, a daughter, Peggy Joan; to Madge Ingram Giesinger, a daughter, Margaret Jean; to Helen

McMahon Nichol, a daughter Marilyn Anne; to Eleanor McDougall Edwards, a daughter, Diane Lee; to Betty Graber Barr, a daughter, Eleanor; to Elinor Maher Glenn, a son, Hugh Patrick; to Anne Hugh Moser, a son, Daniel.

Margaret MacKinnon, Helen Brennan and Mae MacDonald represent our war effort; Margaret and Helen are serving with the W.A.A.F., while Mae is nursing in a military Hospital in South Africa.

A number of our Alumnae have recently entered into the holy bonds of matrimony; Florence Honan is now Mrs. Philip Turgeon, Benson; Norma Stanley, Mrs. Ross Barlow, Fort William; Margaret Norton, Mrs. Irvine Hanneman, Athens, Wis.; Elsie Berry, Mrs. A. Wolff, Liberty; Margaret More, Mrs. H. Bieber, Wolsley; Grace Coupal, Mrs. W. A.



ALUMNAE NOTES

Weatherbe, Belleville. To all these we wish, however tardily, many years of wedded bliss.

To Pauline Gerein, a May Bride, we repeat the wish with special emphasis.

Cecilia Ehmann, we regret to say, has been a patient in the Grey Nun's Hospital for some months, bearing a long illness with admirable patience.

Betty Matthews is now Mrs. H. Begg, Weyburn; Bertie Richardson, Mrs. Hofly, Bienfait—a son and a daughter.

To Pat Daly and Germaine Saurette (Sr. M. St. Louis de France, R.N. D.M.) we offer our sincere sympathy. They have both suffered a grievous loss in the sudden death of their fathers. —R.I.P.

Peg Pirt is practicing physiotherapy in St. Joseph's Hospital, Port Arthur. Esther Kiernan and Kathy Righetti are by way of becoming nurses, the former in the Grey Nuns' Hospital, Regina, the latter in St. Joseph's Hospital, Winnipeg.

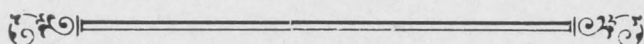
Victoria Wachowicz is attending the University of Alberta, where she is woman's editor of "The Gateway". Mary Molloy has spent the year at the College of Education, Saskatoon.

Ethel Wild has joined the staff of the City Separate Schools. Marie Phaneuf has, for the third time, won the ladies' award in the C.Y.C. Drama Festival. Congratulations, Marie!

Annie Murphy—or Spud—and Pat Andrews are both working in Winnipeg. Lorna Hogan is employed with the Toric Optical Company, Saskatoon; Pat Daly, with the McCallum Hill & Company, Regina; Patsy Marshall with the Department of National Defense, Ottawa; Agnes Roddy at Speers' Funeral Home, Regina; Verna Murphy with an auditing firm in Toronto; Anne O'Byrne with the Provincial government; Jane Spelliscy with the Bank of Montreal; Anne Bujea with the Army and Navy Stores.

Julie Flaman is attending Normal School in Regina. Emmeline La Rocque is teaching at Tribune; Elizabeth Heidt at Indian Head; Rita Grajczyk at Lemberg, where she still displays the same keen interest in the doings of her Alma Mater.

We recently enjoyed a visit from Helen Dechief, a civil servant in the Dominion Government, where her sister Flore is also employed.



Titles of photos on opposite page.

1. Mr. and Mrs. H. Begg (Betty Matthews). — 2. Pauline Gerein. — 3. Betty Grudnitzki.
4. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Moser (Ann Hugh.). — 5. Julia Dengler. — 6. Shelia Bruton. —
7. Flore Dechief. — 8. Pat Daly. — 9. Marion Ryan, Reg. N. — 10. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Turgeon (Florence Honan). — 11. Pat Andrews. — 12. Marie Phaneuf. — 13. Ethel Wild. — 14. Rita Kennedy. — 15. Elizabeth Heidt. — 16. Rita Grajczyk. —
17. Rosemary Kustus (Bessie Ingram's). — 18. Mary Molloy. — 19. Paul and Ronald Giesinger. (Madge Ingram's). — 20. Margaret More. — 21. Victoria Wachowicz. —
22. Hugh Patrick Glenn (Elinor Maher's). — 23.—28. Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Slominski and family (Mary Isley). — 24. Eileen Bruton. — 25. Florence Runge. — 26. Sergeant and Mrs. C. A. Weatherbe (Grace Coupal). — 27. Carmel and Gena Gavin. —
29. Frances Kusmich. — 30. Dorothy Keyes. — 31. Lorna Hogan. — 32. Jane Spelliscy.
33. Curly Norton.

THE QUEEN'S DIAMONDS

The year 1942 marks the diamond jubilee of the founding of the city of Regina, therefore we think it appropriate to give a sketch of the origin and growth of our capital city.

To anyone viewing the fine modern city of Regina today with its handsome tree-lined streets, modern buildings, network of railways, large and important wholesale district, it would seem almost incredible that well within the memory of people still living, the site of this prairie city was far in the wilderness and furnished pasture grounds for the herds of wild buffalo. These sixty years that have elapsed since the first foundations were laid have been full of destiny and have witnessed a development in the city and region seldom equalled in the story of North America.

In 1881, the Regina plains lay as they came from the hands of God. There was then neither the house of a white man nor habitation in all the hundreds of miles that extended from Fort Qu'Appelle to where the Bow River poured its flood through the foothill ranges of the Rocky Mountains. The new Trans-Canada Railroad had reached the Assiniboine river in the vicinity of the modern town of Brandon, and was making preparations to throw its shining steel rails into the limitless prairies. In the spring of 1881 took place the last great buffalo hunt. In 1882, 480 miles of road bed were constructed and prepared for the locomotive before the freeze-up, at that time a feat unequalled in railway construction.

Battleford had been declared the capital of the N.W.T., but when it was seen that the railroad would pass far to the south of it, preparations were made to fix a new capital. Matter of the selection was left to Edgar Dewdney, the Lieutenant-governor of the Territories and after much consideration, he fixed on the location of Pile o' Bones Creek. It is interesting to note that Sitting Bull, the famous Sioux warrior had, after his massacre of the American army encamped on the banks of the "Oskana Kasasteki", so named because of a pile of buffalo bones which were noticed there.

The first settler in the vicinity was the late Edward Carss, who in September 1881 picked a fine location at the junction of the Qu'Appelle and Wascana. However, the honor of being the first man on the Regina townsite went to the late Demetrius Woodward. There was a letter dated 1882 from the banks of Pile o' Bones addressed to his wife in Ontario. It is interesting to note that some survivors of Mr. Woodward's family, who still live North on Albert are still in possession of the letter. Mr. Woodward died a number of years ago, but his wife, a grand old lady, lived long and passed away two years ago. Shortly before her death she said, "My husband always had the



TOP—Regina in 1905, 12th Ave. and Cornwall St., showing in the foreground the first Catholic Church in Regina, Graton School, Victoria Square; at extreme left, the newly erected St. Mary's Church.

BOTTOM—Scarth St., Regina, 1905. Visible in background, the steeple of first Catholic Church and Knox Presbyterian Church.

wandering foot. He had pioneered on the West Coast of British Columbia and then when the building of the C.P.R. began, he was first in the crowd. He would build a good home and then send for me and the rest of the family. Do you know," she continued, "it is difficult for me to think of him as dead. I think he has gone to some new, far country where there's no more travelling, and I think he's waiting for us there."

In 1882 a French-Canadian named Pascal Bonneau had a sub-contract on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and found himself camped on the site of the new capital.

At the request of Mr. Bonneau, Father Hugonard came from the Qu'Appelle Mission to celebrate Mass for him and his workmen, who were for the most part of the same nationality as their chief. This Mass was celebrated in a tent and was the first ever said on the very spot where Regina now stands.

One matter here connected with Regina's first season of '82 deserves perhaps more than a passing interest. All our early settlers agree that the adequate moisture of our soil, the abundance of water in the sloughs, and the luxuriant grasses and herbage which everywhere met the eye in 1882, could only have been produced by a succession of moist seasons. The Wascana, south of the town was then a creek expansion of fair volume, which exceeded a stone's throw in width.

Early prices in Regina may be of interest. Wood fetched \$12 a load; creek water sold at 50c a barrel; bread sold for 25c a loaf; teamsters got \$16 a day, or \$1.50 a half hour; carpenters got \$5 a day, and tinsmiths made little fortunes. Money circulated freely, and everybody rode the horse of high hopes and great expectation.

Carpenters and tinsmiths did not come in for the lion's share of circulation capital in those pioneer days. The hotel keeper was around and pegged his tent wherever a good opening occurred for the disposal of bacon, beef, bunks and beer.

At 9 o'clock on 23 of Aug., 1882, the C.P.R. reached banks of Wascana. A large party assembled in Mr. Van Horne's special car with much enthusiasm. Among those present Lieut.-Gov. and Mrs. Dewdney, Hon. Judge Johnson, Mr. D. McIntyre, Vice President of Railway, Hon. A. Smith and Miss Smith, General Manager Van Horne.

The christening took place that day and Regina, Queen City of the Plains came into being. The name was chosen by Princess Louise, Great-Aunt of His Majesty King George VI, who was at that time in Canada with her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General. Princess Louise died December 1939. D. L. Scott, Q.C. was the first mayor.



1. Four A's guaranteed in this subject (Bridge). — 2. Phyllis, high on a snowy hill. —
3. Fran. — 4. Margaret finally outgrew the doghouse. — 5. Fran hasn't hung up yet. —
6. Peggy (Sonja Henie) O'Flanagan. — 7. Margie, Helen and Vivian (The Normalites). —
8. N.B. "A Set Up". — 9. Peggy, Helen Margie. "A skating we will go." — 10. Phyllis on her way home. Seven P.M. no doubt. —
11. Senorita O'Flanagan. — 12. School is just one round of pleasure???

The winter of 1882-3 passed off pleasantly, all drawbacks considered. The town was yet an odd-looking jumble, the streets were neither laid out, nor graded, a sort of diluvian confusion characterizing everything. But materials were at hand for the building of the city, the surveyor and architect had not been idle and cheerful industry merely awaited the breath of spring-tide to lay the solid foundations of a handsome prairie town.

Early in '83 new buildings began to loom up along Broad Street; the railway traffic increased; arrangements were made for digging a public well; a citizen, Regina Mary Rowell, had been born to the town in December, 1882. Lawyers by the dozens had hung out their shingles and hotels were full, and the lands around Regina for twenty miles were taken up. The Canadian North West Land Company opened their office on Broad Street and the town boasted a school with Miss Laidlaw as teacher. Buildings went up on all sides, and the sound of the hammer was heard far and near.

In the middle of April there were fifteen buildings used as stores, two banks, four large feed stables, two carriage shops and four good hotels. Early in May Mr. W. B. Scarth, able and popular managing director of N. W. Land Company wired Mr. Lunan to grade the streets, a work immediately begun under contractor Bonneau. Mr. Scarth also intimated his willingness to give \$500 towards the building of a bridge across Wascana.

In 1883, Father St. Germain said Mass for a group of Metis, and during the course of the same year efforts were made to establish a regular parish by a secular priest, Father L. N. Larche. The first visit of Archbishop Taché was in 1884, when he came to consecrate the little church that had been built on the corner of Twelfth Avenue and Cornwall Street. Bishop Grandin assisted the Archbishop who performed the ceremony in the presence of the elite of Regina. Among the first parishioners were P. Bonneau and Family, Dan Murphy, Ed. McCarthy, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Hayes, organist, Mr. and Mrs. Forget, (the first lieut. gov. of the Province of Saskatchewan), Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bourget, Mr. and Mrs. Waldron whose daughter was the first child baptized in the new church. In the evening a concert was held at which His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney and Mrs. Dewdney, together with the notables of the town were present. A large sum was realized which went towards the liquidation of the church debt. In 1885 Father Larche was succeeded by Father McCarthy and Father Gratton arrived from Montreal in May of the following year.

First annual exhibition was held on the 2nd and 3rd of Oct. 1884. Money prizes valued at \$1500 and entries numbered 986. Showground for horses and cattle was Victoria Square, while the courtroom and vacant store-room in Scarth's Building were utilized for exhibits of grain, roots and vegetables.

In 1885 an event took place which made Regina, for the time being, the centre of the world, for on May 23 of that year, Louis David Riel was taken

prisoner by Captain Young of the R.N.W.M.P. On July 26 he was tried. The little square building on the corner of Scarth and Victoria was supplied with a telegraph office and from its wires were flashed to a thousand and one points each hour's proceedings of the trial which ended in conviction. After several respites Riel was finally executed at the police barracks on 16th of November. He died "calm, resigned, brave, passionless, and forgiving", assisted on the scaffold by Father André.

The nascent city of Regina had also its martyr, in the person of Father Graton. On Saturday, March 7, 1891, Father Graton was returning from one of his many missions, to Regina, where his ministry was needed the following day. He pushed on through the snow until his horses gave out. When his companion returned with fresh horses, he found the priest dying. He went off again to seek aid but before he arrived Father Graton had died, a martyr to his duty.

Such were the picturesque beginnings of the city which is now an educational, religious, and military centre. With the vitality of youth, Regina has come smiling through a period of combined drought and depression, and in this year of her diamond jubilee the Queen City of the plains can really boast that she is "sixty years young."

—F. S.



Rev. Father Hugonard and Indians, 1885

"Play by Play"

Sept. 14.—Margaret arrives at the College and meets the Normalites.

Sept. 15.—We start school . . . "Why do we do this so often?" An interesting argument concerning the length of skirts takes place between the Normalites—the results remain doubtful.

Sept. 16.—Phyllis starts to school with us. Certain revelations regarding age take place—with embarrassing results for Margaret.

Sept. 17.—Half holiday in honor of Reconsecration Week. Peggy returns in the evening. We send flowers to someone who isn't ill—'nuff said!

Sept. 18.—We register—all except Phyl. Peg begins to renew acquaintances.

Sept. 19.—Peggy and Helen start to diet.

Sept. 20.—MARION ARRIVES.

Sept. 25.—Class moves outside—"Return to Nature" no doubt!! Reverend Mother serves tea at recess—some class!

Sept. 30.—We try our hand at table tennis.

Oct. 3.—Oh Joy! a holiday in honour of Reverend Mother General's feast.

Oct. 5.—Peggy makes a Moose Jaw acquaintance and comes home feeling very much elated. Solemn High Mass is celebrated in our chapel. From now on we shall have it every two weeks.

Oct. 8.—Fran finds that school hours can be extended to 6:30. Tsk! Tsk!

Oct. 9.—Sister Mary St. Monica takes over during study hour—with disastrous results to our homework.

Oct. 12.—Back to slow time again. Sufficient reason for

Oct. 13.—celebrating Thanksgiving Day with a welcome holiday—why it's all of ten days since our last holiday!

Oct. 14.—We are informed that certain dire punishments will follow the shirking of our homework—oh me! What a life!

Oct. 16.—An airplane crash at the airport causes quite a sensation at our fair college—but all the hints are in vain—no holiday.

Oct. 17.—Anne O'Byrne comes to see us — welcome home, Anne. Peg and Margaret attend a party at their Alma Mater, the Academy. Thanks for a swell time!

Oct. 18.—Navy tag day. (!!!)

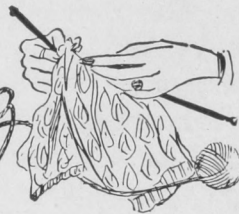
Oct. 25.—Helen leaves for her school at Gerald Post—she's to stay there 'till Christmas. Best of luck, Red!

Oct. 28.—Webster's Unabridged says: An optimist is one who plants daffodils during a snow storm; a romanticist, one who plants hollyhocks by moonlight.

Oct. 29.—Snow on the ground! Three cheers! We play pie and attend a rugby game at Campion.

Oct. 30.—Clark Gable is invited to a Normal Dance, which is attended by June, Vivian and Margie, while Peggy and Margaret go to another party at the Academy. Thanks again!

Knit something **FOR THAT BOY**



We can't all get into uniform or work in a munitions factory—but we can do the simple home tasks that the boys appreciate most—we can knit for them and send them parcels. Use Dunkirk Wool—a fine hard-wearing service wool. Come on, girls—

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Nov. 1.—Another rugby game. Vivian leaves for her school at Windthorst. She'll be back after Christmas. All Saints' Day WOULD fall on a Saturday!

Nov. 3.—We attend six masses in succession. The Bells stay till 7:30 p.m. Oh, to be so ambitious!

Nov. 5.—Margaret sports a beautiful blue bruise on her forehead—she and door glass had a slight disagreement. P.S.—We still don't know who won.

Nov. 8.—Rita Grajczyk returns to Alma Mater. Thanks for the candy Rita.

Nov. 11.—Another holiday and another rugby game.

Nov. 13.—Work on our rink begins. A hearty "thank you" to our gallant friends "who dwell across the potato patch."

Nov. 17.—Margie starts practice teaching at St. Augustine's.

Nov. 18.—"Shovelry" comes to life—in the middle of a snow storm!

Nov. 20.—Fran receives a bad scare but nothing comes of it. (?)—It seems that Reverend Mothers are susceptible to charms too. (?)

Nov. 20.—We attend Mass at the Academy for the deceased Alumnae.

Nov. 24.—The impossible has happened—a voice even louder than ours has been heard throughout this fair building! (Margaret turned on her new radiol)

Nov. 28.—All the boarders spend a weekend in the country. How are your feet, Margie and Peggy?

Nov. 29.—Peg's brother is down and the O'Flanagan's "do" the town.

Dec. 2.—Holiday in honour of Rev. Mother St. Andrew's feast and Sister Mary St. Joseph's jubilee.

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Dec. 4.—Frances celebrates a birthday — cheer up Fran — we all have to grow up sooner or later.

Dec. 5.—Margaret joins the sick list for a day or two.

Dec. 8.—Feast of the Immaculate Conception—holiday all day.

Dec. 10.—18 below.

Dec. 12.—We develop into avid boxing fans.

Dec. 13.—Margie and Margaret go soliciting for our Christmas party and return late for supper. When S.M.C. inquires, "What did you get?" Margie cheerfully replies, "Bread and jam."

Dec. 14.—We receive Julie Flaman and Anne O'Byrne and Essie Kieran. Is this old home week?

Dec. 20.—Rita Grajczyk arrives to spend a couple of days with us.

Dec. 21.—We entertain thirty-three children from St. Charles' Parish at our Annual Christmas party. Balloons, crackers, potato chips, ice-cream, two Christmas trees and Santa Claus, all combine to give every one a MOST enjoyable time—including, not only the children but also the visiting alumnae and the hostesses. We don't want to belittle His Majesty's Forces, but one small child was heard to say, "This is a better party than we had at the Armouries."

We leave on our Christmas holidays.

Jan. 8.—Back to school again.

Jan. 9.—We all take to skating in a big way. After having cleaned the rink at noon we decide to make the best of it by skating from 3:30 to 5:00.

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Jan. 20.—We visit our kind neighbours to hear various selections in Literature recited on the phonograph—including "The White Cliffs of Dover" done by Lynn Fontaine.

Jan. 30.—The Normalites go to the ball—in all their splendour!!!

Jan. 31.—We all attend a most enjoyable skating party at Campion, beautiful weather, excellent music, smooth ice, delicious lunch and charming escorts are in attendance.

Even Fran's knitting needles appear.

Feb. 2.—We receive some very serious, important and interesting lessons—in bridge!!

Feb. 3.—Frances, Phyllis and Marion rise at 6:30 to be present at a touching and beautiful ceremony in which ten of our Sisters were professed. We have a holiday in honour of their happiness.

Feb. 4.—We attend and enjoy Leo Brady's "Brother Orchid" as presented by the Campion Players. Terry Daly, the brother of one of our graduates starred as Brother Orchid, ably assisted by a cast of ten, who played to a capacity house whose appreciation was obvious, witness the fourteen girls in the second row.

Feb. 8.—Our Sisters attend Brother Orchid, presented in the Academy Auditorium. Fran takes the veil for the day and enjoys the play even more than she did the first time.

Feb. 11.—The Normalites attend the Fidelis Club and bring home ice-cream which was like Cinderella—"on the stroke of twelve"—when we licked the last spoon.

Feb. 12.—We decide to send a valentine.

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Feb. 13.—Forty Hours open with High Mass and Litany of the Saints. Father Rourke preaches at Holy Hour. Mother St. Andrew and Sister Mary Cecil receive roses accompanied by the following "ode":

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue
Honey is sweet
But where is all this getting
us ?"

Phyllis boards the street car with silk stocking dangling from her books. Novelty book mark!


A special messenger is commanded on Albert Street to deliver an important communication. Results are eagerly awaited. The Norms attend another ball.

Feb. 14.—Phone is busy all day as we prepare for another skating party at which a very good time was enjoyed by all.

Feb. 15.—Solemn High Mass and Litany close the Forty Hours Devotion.

Feb. 16.—Luxurious atmosphere surrounds our three most illustrious day scholars as they are conveyed to their parental domiciles in a limousine, more commonly known as a taxi. Thanks Father MacGilvray.


Feb. 17.—Half-holiday to celebrate Shrove Tuesday. We go five strong to the cinema. Peggy freezes her ears "en route" but this doesn't stop her from enjoying our "jam session" in the evening.



The Department of Public Health, Regina

The Hon. J.M. Uhrich, M.D. R.O. Davison, M.D.
Minister Deputy Minister

**DON'T
EXPERI-
MENT:
WHEN IN
DOUBT
HAVE THE
DOCTOR**



**AND RE-
MEMBER
TIME IS
A VITAL
FACTOR
CALL HIM
AT ONCE**

Feb. 18.—We write a letter.

Phyllis spills milk and tomato juice and sits in it until her helpful sister Marion comes to the rescue.

Feb. 19.—Phyllis spills milk at dinner and soup at supper.

Feb. 20.—We didn't get an answer to our letter!!!

Phyllis is weighed down with books to her chin, tam to her eyes and thumb pointed city-wards. We walk home! She also spills ink on Sister's clean floor!

Feb. 21.—Margo Thomson, June's little neice comes to spend the week-end with us. We seem to have a second Helen of Troy in our midst. Even the street car conductor succumbs to her charms and brings us to the end of the line.

Feb. 22.—All attend a tea given by our neighbours.

Feb. 23.—Those pursuing scholastic pursuits pursue their original pursuits—bridge.

Feb. 25.—Our most sincere sympathy is extended to one of our graduates—Pat Daly, on the death of her father. (R.I.P.).

Feb. 26.—The day-scholars come at seven o'clock to attend a Requiem Mass for Mr. Daly.

Feb. 27.—We make our radio "debut" and bow to the Campion "Quiz Kids" in "Dollars for Scholars".

Mar. 1.—Peggy receives a phone call from a blond—and we hear all about it.

Mar. 2.—We receive a letter and attend a hockey game.

Mar. 3.—Rita Grajczyk sends us a box of chocolates to console us over our loss last Friday night.

Thanks a million, Rita.

Bridge is dropped owing to our

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new interest in poker.

Mar. 4.—Marion spills a glass of water.

Phyllis says she hadn't oughter.

Marion says, "Be quiet, youse, What about the tomato juice?"

Mar. 6.—Work on the Annual begins.

Mar. 6—8.—Annual Retreat with Rev. Fr. McElligott as retreat master. We keep in silence but build snowmen and play pie—one must get exercise you know! "We meet "The man who got even with God" and like him immensely.

March 10.—The Bells arrive at the school at five minutes to nine!! We hear that Rev. Fr. McNeil visits the Sisters of Our Lady of the Missions in Hastings, England, and tells them

all about our wonderful city of Regina!

USUAL DIALOGUE

Phyllis — Sister, why is that subjunctive?

Sister—Now, you tell me.

TODAY'S VERSION

Sister—Phyllis, why is this in the subjunctive?

Phyllis—You tell me, Sister.

Mar. 13.—Phyllis informs that she was once of the opinion that carpenters manufactured nails, because of the way that they pull them out of their mouths.

Mar. 14.—With all the citizens of Regina we regret the death of Mr. E. C. Rossie who for the past 37 years has been a loyal friend to the sisters and their schools.

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Mar. 16.—We mail our St. Patrick's Day Cards. When Fran wears a green bow in her hair Marion enquires which she prefers, a GREEN bow or a BROWN bow.

Mar. 17.—Holiday in honour of St. Patrick. We attend a banquet at our Alma Mater.

Mar. 20.—Frances and Peggy ride in "one of those trucks you need a step-ladder to get into," to quote Peg, for about half a block. Oh, this gas shortage! They ride the rest of the way in a taxi.

Mar. 22.—Question — "Comment vous appelez-vous?"

Margaret, "Tres bien, merci!"

Mar. 24.—History question, "Give the European background of the Monroe Doctrine."

S.M.C.—"And that doesn't mean

the painting at the back."

Phyllis—"Ha, ha!"

S.M.C.—"Thank you, Phyllis. You are the only one who appreciates my jokes."

Mar. 27.—Our rose starts to bloom. Well, not quite, but it HAS a new leaf.

Mar. 28.—The table-tennis rage is on again. Even outside, occasionally. It certainly is dreadful when a girl can't control a ball better than that.

Mar. 31.—We take up skipping.

April 1.—Gas rationing goes into effect. Also April Fool's day all day.

April 7.—Back to school after our Easter vacation.

Phyl. (During a discussion concerning the statement that the stores DO

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take down Christmas decorations on Christmas Eve. "Sure, I was hit on the head by a bell once, and it was not relation, either."

April 10.—Fran (While reading a selection from Mme. de Stael) "I wonder if the philosophic point of view is from the top of Parliament Buildings."

April 12.—We entertain guests after Solemn High Mass, by teaching them how to play poker—Quite a combination!!!

Everyone has a studious look now-a-days. I wonder why!

April 5.—Fran and Phyl see strange animals on board walk, and we consider opening a nature study club.

April 19.—Essie pays us a welcome visit.

April 20.—Second Arts final exams open this morning with a —French paper.

April 24.—We go on the air again and this time we bow to Regina College.

April 26.—Vivian and Peggy move out to the balcony.

May 3.—Peggy takes to bicycle riding in a big way. Julie Flaman comes to stay with us.

May 5.—We play hostesses to two members of His Majesty's Forces.—Mmm!!!

May 6.—Our rose is now six inches high and has a bud.

May 7.—Great noise and excitement is the order of the day as we learn that all the Second Arts students passed their examinations and are now full-fledged Associates in Arts.



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May 8.—May we extend our hearty congratulations to Phyllis who won a Junior College Scholarship given by the University of Saskatchewan.

Perhaps we should also offer an apology for the scant ceremony with

which we have treated Phyllis in these pages. But she, besides being an excellent scholar, is an equally good sport.

—And hereby ends our tale.

—M. B.

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